

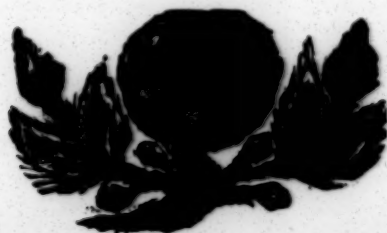
VERNON'S GLORY.

CONTAINING

Fifteen NEW SONGS, occasion'd
by the Taking of *Porto-Bello*
and *Fort Chagre*.

VERNON *semper viret.*

The Family Motto.



L O N D O N:

Printed by W. WEBB, near St. Paul's. 1748.

(Price Sixpence.)



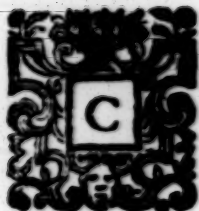


Vernon's GLORY.

On the Taking of *PORTO BELLO*.

Tune, *The Sailors Song*.

I.



OME, my Lads, with Souls be-
fitting,

Let us never be dismay'd;

Let's avenge the Wrongs of *B R I-
T A I N*,

And support her *injur'd Trade*.

The *true Spirit* of the Nation

In our honest Hearts we bring,

True, tho' in an humble Station,

To our *Country* and our *King*.

II.

S P A I N no longer shall assume, Boys,

The *free Ocean*, as her own;

For the Time, *at last*, is come, Boys,

We'll their *Topfails* lower down.

A 2

Tho'

Tho' in Politicks contesting,
Round and round they vere about ;
 All their Ships and *Manifesting*
 With our *Broadsides* we will rout.

III.

Hark ! the roaring Cannon thunders !
 See, my Lads, Six Ships appear !
 E'ery *BRITON* acting Wonders,
 Strikes the Southern World with Fear.
POR TO-BELLO, fam'd in Story,
 Now at last submits to Fate ;
VERNON's *Courage* gains us *Glory* !
 And his *Mercy* proves us *Great* !

IV.

On Our Naval Strength depending,
 Let us *Steer Old England's Course* ;
 When affronted, Vengeance sending,
 Shew the World *Old England's Force*.
 Then loud Peals of *British* Thunder,
 Ratling on each hostile Shore,
 Shall make haughty *Dons* knock under,
 Nor shall dare insult us more.

V.

May all *English* Lads, like you, Boys,
 Prove on Shore *true Hearts of Gold* :

To their *King* and *Country*, true, Boys,
 And be neither *Bought* nor *Sold*.
 Let the *Landmen*, without *Party*,
 Act like Brethren of the *Flood*;
 To *One Cause* alone be hearty,
 And be *that*, for *BRITAIN*'s Good.

VI.

Then thro' all the mighty Ocean
 Th' *English* Cross shall honour find;
 Far as Wave can feel a Motion,
 Far as Flag can move with Wind.
 Then *Insulting Monarchs* shewing
 More Regard, shall humbler be,
 This Old Truth of *BRITONS* knowing,
As they're Brave, they will be Free.

On the same.

Tune, *Ye Commons and Peers.*

I.

COME attend, *British* Boys,
 I'll make you rejoice,
 I will tell you how *Vernon* did scare
Porto-Bello the strong,
 Laid its Castles along,
 And all this, with *but six Men of War*.

When

II.

When he first came in Sight,
 Cries the Governour ——— " Shite !
 " From this Fellow what have we to fear !
 " Did not *Hoffer* the Brawe
 " Hither sail to his Grave,
 " Tho' with more than *Thrice six Men of War*.

III.

" Thirteen Captains outright,
 " Subalterns, a damn'd Sight,
 " And of Sailors each one a stout Fellow ;
 " Full Three Thousand and odd
 " Perish'd, rotten by G——d,
 " Without firing against *Porto-Bello*.

IV.

" Hence our Queen did declare
 " The blue-string'd Cavalier
 " Her good Friend, since he serv'd her so well ;
 " And did kindly incline
 " His *Convention* to sign,
 " For his Care to preserve *Porto-Bell*.

V.

" Then, my Lads, have no Dread
 " Of this *Hectoring Blade*,

For

" For I'm certain, tho' sent from so far,
 " He Instructions has none,
 " To let fly one poor Gun,
 " Neither he, nor his *six Men of War*."

VI.

But soon *Vernon's* hot Fire
 Prov'd the *Spaniard* a Liar,
 To Capitulate, soon is his Story;
 And to save his Retreat,
 Sees his Castles laid flat,
 Both his Castles of *Iron* and *Glory*.

VII.

Whence these Fortresses came
 Such high Titles to claim,
 forbear to recite in this Place,
 Tho' our swaggering Foes,
 One might fairly suppose,
 Did assume them on *Hofier's* Disgrace.

VIII.

Now their Castle of *Glory*
 You have levell'd before ye,
 To its Title yourself may pretend;
 It is made your own Prize,
 And where'er your Sail flies,
 Shall, on you, noble *Vernon*, attend.

IX.

Of this Victory rare
 You secur'd the best Share;
 For, the *Spanish* King's Dollars and Pelf
 You most gallantly gave
 To your Mariners Brave,
 And with Glory rewarded yourself.

X.

Now, old *England*, tho' long
 Thou hast been but a Song
 Of Reproach to the meanest of Nations;
 Tho' thy Flag has been sham'd,
 And thy Strength has been maim'd
 By our Debts and our Negotiations;

XI.

Be no more in the Dumps,
 Thou may'st still stir thy Stumps,
 And recover; for, in this Contention,
 I may venture to swear,
 Thou hast nothing to fear,
 By *St. George*, but another *Convention*.

Admiral

Admiral HOSIER'S GHOST.

I.

AS, near *Porto-Bello* lying,
 On the gently-swelling Flood,
 At Midnight, with Streamers flying,
 Our triumphant Navy rode;
 There, while *Vernon* sat, all glorious
 From the *Spaniards* late Defeat,
 And his Crews, with Shouts victorious,
 Drank Success to *England's* Fleet:

II.

On a sudden, shrilly-sounding,
 Hideous Yells and Shrieks were heard;
 Then, each Heart with Fear confounding,
 A sad Troop of Ghosts appear'd;
 All in dreary Hammocks shrouded,
 Which for Winding-Sheets they wore;
 And with Looks by Sorrow clouded,
 Frowning on that hostile Shore.

III.

On them gleam'd the Moon's wan Lustre.
 When the Shade of *Hosier* brave
 His Pale Bands was seen to muster,
 Rising from their wat'ry Grave:

O'er the glimm'ring Wave he hy'd him,
 Where the *Burford* rear'd her Sail,
 With three thousand Ghosts beside him,
 And in Groans did *Vernon* hail.

IV.

" Heed, oh heed! our fatal Story,
 " I am *Hofier's* injur'd Ghost;
 " You who now have purchas'd Glory
 " At this Place where I was lost;
 " Tho' in *Porto-Bello's* Ruin
 " You now triumph, free from Fears;
 " When you think of our undoing,
 " You will mix your Joys with Tears.

V.

" See these mournful Spectres sweeping
 " Ghastly o'er this hated Wave,
 " Whose wan Cheeks are stain'd with Weeping;
 " These were *English* Captains brave!
 " Mark those Numbers pale and horrid,
 " Who were once my Sailors bold,
 " Lo, each hangs his drooping Forehead,
 " While his dismal Fate is told.

VI.

" I, by twenty Sail attended,
 " Did this *Spanish* Town affright,
 " Nothing

- " Nothing then its Wealth defended,
 " But my Orders *not to fight* ;
 " Oh! that in this rolling Ocean
 " I had cast them with Disdain,
 " And obey'd my Heart's warm Motion,
 " To have quell'd the Pride of *Spain*.

VII.

- " For Resistance I could fear none,
 " But with Twenty Ships had done,
 " What thou, brave and happy *Vernon*,
 " Hast achiev'd with Six alone.
 " Then the *Bastimento's* never
 " Had our foul Dishonour seen,
 " Nor the Sea the sad Receiver
 " Of this gallant Train had been !

VIII.

- " Thus, like thee, proud *Spain* dismaying,
 " And her Galleons leading home,
 " Tho' condemn'd for disobeying,
 " I had met a Traytor's Doom ;
 " To have seen, my Country crying,
 " He has play'd an *English* Part,
 " Had been better far than dying
 " Of a griev'd and broken Heart.

IX.

- " Unrepining at thy Glory,
 " Thy successful Arms we hail,
 " But remember our sad Story,
 " And let *Hofier's* Wrongs prevail:
 " Sent on this foul Clime to languish,
 " Think what Thousands fell in vain,
 " Wasted with Disease and Anguish,
 " Not in glorious Battle slain.

X.

- " Hence with all my Train attending
 " From their oozy Tombs below;
 " Thro' the hoary Foam ascending,
 " Here I feed my constant Woe:
 " Here the *Bastimento's* viewing,
 " We recal our shameful Doom,
 " And our plaintive Cries renewing,
 " Wander thro' the Midnight Gloom.

XI.

- " O'er these Waves, for ever mourning,
 " Shall we roam depriv'd of Rest;
 " If, to *Britain's* Shores returning,
 " You neglect my just Request;
 " After this proud Foe subduing,
 " When your Patriot Friends you see,
 " Think on Vengeance for my Ruin,
 " And for *England* sham'd in me!

A

New BALLAD.

Come, To you fair Ladies now at Land.

I.

TO you fine Folks at *Marlbro' House*
 From *Enfield Chase* I write,
 And tho' scarce worth a single Soufe,
 Yet I'm in merry Plight:
 For one who drinks, and laughs, and sings,
 What need he care for *Sixteen Kings*?

With a fa, la.

II.

We now are blest'd in *Old England*
 With Camps no less than Three;
 Brave *Norris*, with young *Cumberland*,
 And *Haddock*, beat the Sea;
 Still, what's all this but *Raree-shew*!
 'Tis *Vernon* only drubs the Foe!
With a fa, la.

III.

But *Bob*, they say to *Norfolk's* flown;
 O! may he there remain;
 And never more see *London Town*,
 'Till we have humbled *Spain*:

Keep

Keep him at Home, we ne'er can fail,
Catcart and *Anjon* both shall fail!

With a fa, la.

IV.

Then *Cuba* soon shall fall in Hand,
 And likewise *Carthagene*;
 And the *Proud Don* shall understand
 We've no more Work for *Keene* :
 For, tho' by Fight we oft-times get,
 We always lose whene'er we *Treat*.

With a fa, la.

V.

This Truth, Great *Marlb'ro'*, hast thou shewn,
 And found to *England's* Cost,
 That all thy Battles, nobly won,
 In *Utrecht's* Peace were lost :
 But now let's fix this Maxim bold,
 This gallant Maxim, *Take, and Hold!*

With a fa, la.

VI.

Now drink Success to this Great Work,
 And all the Patriot Crew ;
 Nor yet forget brave Col'nel *York*,
 If all is said be true :
 Fill then to *Vernon's* Health a Glass,
 And let Sir *R*——t kiss mine *A*—se.

With a fa, la.

VII. But

VIII.

But if Four Millions all are spent

In nought but *Empty Shew*,

God send us a *Good Parliament* !

To strike the *PROPER BLOW*:

That done, we may secure our Trade,

And all our Debts will *then* be paid.

With a fa, la.

A N S W E R to the foregoing
BALLAD. *By Five Wits only.*

I.

P OOR merry Man of *Enfield Chase*,

How could you be so *mad*,

To write a Letter to Her Grace,

Who is both *rich* and *sad* ?

A merry Man she can't endure,

But hates him worse for being Poor.

With a fa, la.

II.

The Happiness of *Old England*

Has made the *Duchess* **SAD**;

And **GLORIOUS** *Walpole's* **LONG COMMAND**

Has almost *drove* her **MAD**;

Ev'n Gold to her no Comfort brings,

Tho' richer than the **Sixteen Kings**,

With a fa, la.

Sir

Sir R——t is to N——k gone,
 Where *Vernon's* Health we drink,
 And praise the *glorious* Things he's done,
Whatever you may think:
 For let him conquer what he will,
 We know he acts by Order still,

With a fa, la.

IV.

Young gallant C——d is gone
 With th' Admiral to Sea ;
Now you'd fain know what will be done,
 Then take it *here* from me ;
 Our Heroes, with this glorious Fleet,
 Will Conquer *whatsoe'er* they meet,

With a fa, la.

V.

But should the *Spaniard* shun the Fight,
 Nor dare to shew his Face,
I own, I think him in the Right,
 To flie from B——k's Race,
 For sure they've heard how *Frenchmen* far'd
 When G——e was *seen* at *Oudenarde*,

With a fa, la.

VI.

Tho' W——le is at *Houghton* now,
 To Town he'll soon return,

How-

However, all your Friends, and you,
May at his coming *mourn*.

• *Yes! yes*, he'll come to Town again,
To humble *Patriots* and *Spain*,

With a fa, la.

VII.

To this great Work we drink Success,

To *W——e* and his Friends;

No honest *Briton* can do less,

Heav'n prosper ALL HIS ENDS.

Keep him but In, we cannot fail,

Cathcart and *Anson* soon will fail,

With a fa, la.

VIII.

To *G——e's* Health the Bumper goes,

† While *Huzza's* fill the Room,

Protect him Heav'n from all his Foes,

Abroad and eke at Home;

Defend him from the *Spaniards* there,

From *Jacobites* and *Patriots* here,

With a fa, la:

IX.

You've bid Sir *R——e* kiss your *A——se*,

Your *A——se* he'll never kiss:

* This Repetition being Flat perhaps, O Yes! would be as well.

† Query, If this should not be *Huffica*?

But stranger Things have come to pass,
 Than if you shou'd kiss his;
 And if you do, 'twill be no more
 Than *Patriots* all have done before,

With a fa, la.

X.

A Parliament we soon will chuse
 Of the true *Whiggish* Breed;
 There ev'ry Question you will lose,
 And then you will secede;
 Just like *Ned Bluff* in *Congreve's* Play,
 You'll swear and storm, and run away,

With a fa, la.

XI.

And when you've this Secession made,
 Those that behind remain
 Will pay our Debts, secure our Trade,
 And humble haughty *Spain*;
 They'll do these Things alone, and then
 You'll look like Fools, and come again.

With a fa, la.

THE

The GOSSIPS-TOAST.

Tune, *An Old Woman clothed in Grey.*

I.

TWO Gossips they luckily met
 In the Market at Nine before Noon,
 And they were resolv'd on a Wher,
 To put their sweet Voices in Tune:
 Away to the Tavern they went,
Joan fill'd up her Glass, and began
 Dear Girl, if thou'rt merrily bent,
 Ne'er sham it, but give me thy Man.

II.

I'll give, *Joan*, a Man, o' my Word,
 A Man who was ne'er known to flinch;
 As brave and as keen as his Sword,
 I'll warrant, *a Man ev'ry Inch.*
 Oh! he is the prettiest Fellow,
 Thou know'st him, without any Name,
 'Tis he that storm'd *Porto-Bello*,
 For he's a *True Cock of the Game.*

III.

No Lion was ever so bold,
 Yet who brags so little as he?

C 2

When

When 'tis over, his *Tongue* he can hold,
 A better ne'er *plough'd* the rough *Sea* :
 He swell'd with Delight to behold
Porto-Bello, and swore he wou'd win her,
 He did not come there to catch Cold,
 And wou'd be laid low, or be *in her*.

IV.

Soon he made such a *Mole* in her Walls,
 That nothing before him could stand ;
 He ply'd with such Cannon and Balls,
 And mounted the *Breach*, Sword in Hand :
 Resistlets he *enter'd* the Fort,
 And saw her submit to his Pleasure,
 He only desired the Sport,
 And car'd not a Fig for the Treasure.

V.

To the Ladies, who fell in his Hands,
 He shew'd himself courteous and civil ;
 Still ready, and at their Commands,
 Tho' wide-mouth'd and rann'd like the Devil ;
 The Sport then he left, to find out
 The Joys which new Conquest affords,
 But ere he cou'd take t'other Bour,
 His Mast it was *brought by the Board*.

VI.

A common Mischance, *Joan*, you know ,
 But he is so active and clever,
 Twas up in an Instant, I trow,
 As stout and as well fix'd as ever :
 So to vex their *Italian* damn'd Queen,
 (For he hates an *Italian* like Hell)
 He goes and *Bum*——bards *Carthagene*,
 Then puts into his *Porto-Bell*.

VII.

Thou'lt Toasted a Jewel, quoth *Joan*,
 I love him, thou know'lt, as my Eyes ;
 His Courage thro' all the World's known,
 Him how the *Czarina* wou'd prize ! ——
 Could She his Abilities prove,
 I warrant, she'd keep him employ'd,
 At her Soul such a Servant she'd love,
 Not e'er with his Service be cloy'd.

VIII.

But the Knight does not love him, I doubt,
 Because he can do more than he,
 What a Pity he e'er shou'd be out,
 He serves, when *he's in*, with such Glee:
 Then a Fart for the Insolent *Don*,
 An *English* Wife loves to be free ;

I'll Trade, as I like, with *my own*,
 No *Spaniard* shall ever *search me*.

IX.

Let his Worship for our Town *stand*,
 Not a Sixpenny Piece shall he give;
 Could I chuse, of all Men in the Land,
 He my *Member* shou'd be while I live:
 I speak it, dear Girl from my Heart,
 Wou'd *England* with Men did abound,
 Like him, who would play a *Man's Part*,
 All *Patriots* both *Upright* and *Sound*.

X.

Him in Triumph again may I see,
 In Glory each Day may he *rise*!
 Oh *long*! very *long*! let him be
 The dearest Delight of my Eyes:
 The *Admiral* Heaven defend,
 (For tho' wicked Courtiers may scoff)
 Poor *England* wou'd be at an End,
 Should he, for our Sins, be *cut off*.

THE FREEHOLDER.

Tune, King JOHN and the Abbot.

I.

YOU gallant *Freeholders*, now lend us a Hand,
 The *Crisis* draws nigh : At Stake is *England* !
 On *Placemen*, or *Pensioners*, can you rely ?
 Chuse such Men your Members all Bribes will defy.

Derry down, down, &c.

II.

How great were your *Taxes* ! their *Treaties* how
dark !

Think who *Voted tb' Excise* ! On those set a Mark :
 The *Place-bill* they damn'd, the *Convention* approv'd ;
 They pass'd *Bills of Credit*, and *Jobb-Work* they
 lov'd.

Derrydown, &c.

III.

New Places are *coin'd* ; but no Man's put *in Post*,
 Till *W---ng---n* tries if his *Morals* are lost :
 These your *Boroughs* wou'd *poison* — reject all
 the Crew ;

The Money they proffer, they first stole from you.

Derry down, &c.

IV.

You're *fool'd*, they are *fatted* ; the Juggle goes round,
 For each *Guinea* they *Give*, you're *Tax'd Twenty*
Pound ;

Think

Think then on *Old Liberty* left by your Sires,
Nor *Vote* for the *Tools* by whom it expires.

Derry down, &c.

V.

The wild *Arab*, that robs, his Hoord won't betray,
Nor a *Swift* his *own Home*, tho' he murders *for Pay*:
Banditti's will kill you, if *Gold* they can view;
But none *sell their Country*, but *B--b* and *his Crew*.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

Remember whose Agents long shuffl'd in *Spain*,
Our Merchants insulted no Redress cou'd obtain:
Till from *Clamours without, within Doors* they grew;
Then a *few Ships* were sent. What with more might
we do!

Derry down, &c.

VII.

Tho' an Hundred we had, all fit for the War,
From full *Sixty Thousand* no Soldiers they'd spare:
Then who cannot guess, why brave *Vernon* was sent;
But he has defeated whatever was meant.

Derry down, &c.

VIII.

To *Vernon* then drink, the bold City also;
To *London* I mean. About let it go:
The Sheriff remember, he nobly behav'd,
And those *Sturdy Beggars* your Country have sav'd.

Derry down, &c.

IX. Then

IX.

Then a Fig for their *Keene*, fly *Fleury*, and *Don*,
 Your *hang-an-Arse Courtiers*; but Men that *push'd on*
 This War must relieve you—huzza with full Glafs,
 All sad Dogs despise bear their Loads like an Ass.

X.

Then follow, brave Boys; to those Leaders be *true*,
 They'll your *Freedom* retrieve—your *lost Honour* too.
Accounts, when they're call'd for, shall ne'er be *refus'd*,
 And Committees shall shew you whene'er you're
 abus'd.

BRITISH *Courage revived:*

Tune, The EARLY HORN.

I.

HARK! hark from far,
 The Voice of War

To Glory calls around;

Rise! *Britons* rise!

With chearful Cries,

And join the Martial Sound.

II.

See! how your Foes

Their Dread disclose,

D

And

And dwindle to Disgrace,
 Lead on, lead on,
 'Till Vict'ry's won,
 And give their Squadrons Chase!

III.

With trembling Fleets at *Cales*,
 Let haughty *Spain*
 Behold the Main,
 Spread with your sweeping Sails.

IV.

Now Vengeance low'rs,
 Those faithless Pow'rs,
 Who late her Cause espous'd,
 In Silence lye,
 Or distant fly,
 Before the Lion rous'd.

V.

Brave *Vernon* comes,
 With batt'ring Bombs,
 See *India* look dismay'd!
 And *Europe* wait
 The Will of Fate,
 In *British* Fleets convey'd.

To Admiral VERNON.

I.

TO *Britain's* bright Genius, and *Vernon's* just
Merit ;

To the Man who retains a true *British* Spirit :
To the Man of all Men, who deserves our best Praise,
As a Tribute to Truth the glad *Muse* tunes her Lays.

Derry down, &c.

II.

Whose Virtue and Courage, if rightly sustain'd,
Had retriev'd our lost Fame, and new Trophies had
gain'd ;

O'er the whole *Spanish* Coast *Britain's* Thunder had
hurl'd,

And, like *Neptune*, giv'n Laws to *Columbus'* new
World.

Derry down, &c.

III.

This let fam'd *Porto-Bello*, and *Chagre* declare !
Those Earnests of Vengeance ! those first Fruits of
War !

Which, with Six Ships now *only*, he lay'd in the
Dust,

To appease the sad Groans of poor *Hofier's* Ghost.

Derry down, &c.

IV.

While at Home we are plunder'd by *Spanish* Privateers,
 And compound with our Goods, to secure us our Ears;
 While at Anchor, in Peace our bold Navies remain,
 And what *Britain* laments, is the Laughter of *Spain*.

Derry down, &c.

V.

Hence our Children will blush, when our Annals
 they read,

That so *Much* we could do, that so *Little* we did;
 That such Forces were rais'd as will scarce be believ'd,
 But to eat, drink, and sleep, when such Wrongs
 were receiv'd.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

Then *Vernon's* brave Actions, unequall'd shall shine;
 His Courage, his Conduct, exalt ev'ry Line;
 While nameless they slumber, or hated, tho' dead,
 Who, thro' Envy condemn'd, what they could not
 exceed.

Derry down, &c.

The old Trade of *Basket-Making*.

Tune, Old Mother *Damnabla* killed her Cat.

I.

YE Lads and ye Lasses, all draw near,
 My Song may be good, tho' the Musick
 but ill; Since

Since Taxes run high, and Corn is so dear,
I prithee now bring some Grift to my Mill.

II.

Whosoever, of Note, shall dare take his Fill
Of any one Vice, I have something upon it ;
My Friend in the Garret soon takes up his Quill,
And then I come roaring abroad with my Sonnet.

III.

Tho' most People cry, that all Trades fail
I'm sure, that in one they are highly mistaken,
For still there's a Trade to which all Trades turn
Tail,
And that's the *Old Trade of Basket-Making*.

IV.

In ancient Days, by the Laws of the State,
You might rise up an Heir to a Friend or a Brother;
But it ne'er was allow'd to be right, till of late,
To carry a Wife from the Arms of another.

V.

One quits *Common-Ground* (observe but the Joke)
And to plough in the Field of his Neighbour had
rather,
He being resolv'd to abuse other Folk,
Because other Folk had abused his Father.

A Cap.

VI.

A *Captain*, when Storms and Tempests affright,
 If he be but nimble and brisk at the Sport,
 Can bid a poor Cuckoldy Rascal good Night,
 And safely may ride in Y—— Port.

VII.

Tho' you Soldiers with Courage and Vigour abound
 The Ladies at *Hounslow*, ere long, will disarm you,
 And nought else, that I know, now-a-days can be
 found,

That is able to bring down our *Standing Army*.

VIII.

Cuckold-makers farewell, here's a Health to the *Blue*,
 To that gallant Commander that took *Porto-Bello*;
 To all those, tho' abroad, have *Something* to do,
 And will send us good Store of their White and
 their Yellow.

On the Taking of *CHAGRE*.

Tune, Ye Commons and Peers.

I.

YE BRITONS draw near,
 You quickly shall hear,

I'll sing you a Song most true;

How

How *Vernon* the Great
 Did the *Spaniards* defeat,
 And *CHAGRE*'s Castle subdued.

II.

With Ships (tho' but few)
 How he Wonders did do,
 Made bigotted *Philip* to stare;
 And cry to his Wife,
 You see, my dear Life,
 The happy Effects of your War.

III.

When he spoke by his Guns,
 The insolent *Dons*
 Return'd him their Answer in Fire;
 But as soon as they knew,
 It was *Vernon*, withdrew;
 And happy if they could retire.

IV.

The *Castellan* in Fear,
 Says, what a Plague is here?
 Th' Event we may easily tell;
 For if we withstand
 His conquering Hand,
 We shall fare worse than at *Porto-Bell*.

V.

As a Thing of most Use,
 They beg for a Truce.

Which

Which the generous Admiral gave;
 That they might all see,
 What *ENGLISHMEN* be,
 And teach 'em the Way to be brave.

VI.

Be safe in your Lives,
 Your Daughters and Wives;
 But this Instant your Castle deliver,
 For his Majesty's Use,
 Or here ends the Truce,
 And all Hopes of your Safety for ever.

VII.

All trembling, tho' pleas'd,
 That from Death they're releas'd,
 Then march'd out each Captain of *Spain*;
 Says the Admiral, Go!
 Give your Master to know,
 'Tis *BRITAIN* must rule on the Main.

VIII.

Then *Philip*, no more
 Be bamb'd as before,
 And govern'd by Petticoat Sway;
 While you're such a Fool,
 To let your Wife rule,
 We shall take the whole *Indies* away.

VERNON'S *Answer to* HO- SIER'S *Ghost.*

I.

HOSIER! with indignant Sorrow,
I have heard thy mournful Tale ;

And, if Heav'n permit, to-morrow

Hence our warlike Fleet shall sail.

O'er these hostile Waves wide roaming,

We will urge our bold Design,

With the Blood of Thousands foaming,

For our Country's Wrongs and thine.

II.

On that Day, when each brave Fellow,

Who now Triumphs here with me,

Storm'd and plunder'd *Porto-Bello*,

All my Thoughts were full of thee.

Thy disastrous Fate alarm'd me ;

Fierce thy Image glar'd on high,

And with gen'rous Ardour warm'd me,

To revenge thy Fall, or die.

III.

From their lofty Ships, descending,

Thro' the Flood, in firm Array,

To the destin'd City bending,

My lov'd Sailors work'd their Way.

E

Strait

Strait the Foe, with Horror trembling,
 Quits in haste his batter'd Walls;
 And in Accents, undissembled,
 As he flies, for Mercy calls.

IV.

Carthagera, tow'ring Wonder!
 At the daring Deed dismay'd,
 Shall ere-long by *Britain's* Thunder,
 Smoaking in the Dust be laid.
 Thou, and these pale Spectres sweeping
 Restless o'er this wat'ry Round,
 Whose wan Cheeks are stain'd with Weeping,
 Pleas'd shall listen to the Sound.

V.

Still rememb'ring thy sad Story,
 To thy injur'd Ghost I swear,
 By my Hopes of future Glory,
 War shall be my constant Care:
 And I ne'er will cease pursuing
Spain's proud Sons from Sea to Sea,
 With just Vengeance for thy Ruin,
 And for *England* sham'd in thee.

A New S O N G.

Tune, *To you fair Ladies.*

I.

TO you fine Folks encamp'd at Home,
 We Rustick Farmers send,
 And hope in this our Need you'll come,
 To shew that you're our Friend :
 To Harvest let's together go,
 And there your valiant Actions show.

With a fa, la.

II.

For see the Corn embattl'd stands
 In close compact Array,
 And only wants your conqu'ring Hands,
 To cut their Ranks away :
 What Praise will such an Action yield,
 To lose no Blood, yet gain the Field !

With a fa, la.

III.

No Death, no Wars, nor hateful Strifes
 Such peaceful Labour breeds ;
 But like our *Hounslow* Heroes Lives,
 All Fighting it exceeds :

The *British* Flag too we'll display,
'Twill serve to scare the Crows away.

With a fa, la.

IV.

Ne'er mind the Drum and Trumpet's Call,
With all such Martial Stuff;
The *Pow'r Above* secures us all,
We shall have *Peace enough*!
The Spear shall to a Plowshare turn,
And Scythes instead of Swords be worn.

With a fa, la.

V.

Yet what Great Genius shall rehearse
Th' Exploits already done;
And paint your Cricket-match in Verse,
Or how the Pig was won:
Rouse up, for Shame, such Trifles scorn,
If not our Foes, pray, thresh our Corn.

With a fa, la.

Sir

Sir-BLUESTRING's Expof-
tulation with Admiral *Vernon*,
for taking *Porto-Bello*.

Tune, Ye Commons and Peers.

I.

WHAT a racket is here
About Six Men of War!

About Honour and Nonfence retrieved!

About Glory and Guns

Brought away from the *Dens*,

And our Factor from Prison relieved?

II.

To attack *Porto-Bell*,

Be fo good as to tell,

Pray did I your mad Valour importune?

To desert your poor Wife,

Risk your Limbs and your Life,

Zounds! was this for a Man of your Fortune?

III.

Then the Town left unplunder'd,

And the Dollars all squander'd,

What

What romantick ridiculous Farce!

You're a Puppy, a *Spartan*,
Whom a Wiseman would fart on,
But 'twas Virtue you say——*Kiss my A—e.* *

IV.

You seek nought but the Good
Of your Country———Odsblood!
How I laugh at these Rhodomontades!
There's not one, but whose Price
I could name in a trice
Among all these fine Patriot Blades.

V.

Then again we are told
That *Trelawney* the bold
Would equip you, if Soldiers he had,
To attempt *Carthage*;
Why, e'en conquer all *Spain*:
By the Lord, you are both raving mad!

VI.

'Twas mere Malice to me
Made you venture to Sea,

* A favourite Expression of the Knight's on the bare Mention
of Publick Virtue, or National Interest.

To confound all my Measures outright :

'Twas to prove me a Lyar,

That you made your damn'd Fire ;

And you storm'd *Porto Bell* out of Spight.

VII.

How did *Spain's* Gracious Queen

Doat on me and *Don Keen* !

I was priz'd by the Cardinal too,

At *Versailles* and th' *Escorial* !

They are now in a Fury all :

And for this I'm beholden to you.

VIII.

You have now gain'd your Point,

My whole Scheme's out of Joint ;

No *Convention* Reprieve can obtain :

And my wife Brother *H---ce*

Will now pass for a poor Ass

Over *England, France, Holland* and *Spain*.

From Spithead: A TARR'S SONG.

I.

TO you, fine Folk, at *London Town*,

We *Spithead* Tarrs do write,

And wonder you don't send us down

Orders to Sail and Fight :

For

For we are weak'ning ev'ry Day,
By Sicknefs and by Run-away.

With a Fa, la, &c.

II.

The *French* and *Spaniards* both are fail'd,
Don Blafs to reinforce,

Thinking we have brave *VERNON* fail'd,

To him let's bend our Course :

Give him but half the Fleet that's here,

He'll beat them both, you need not fear.

With a Fa, la, &c.

III.

Or if we should them chance to meet

Upon the azure Main,

Stout *Ogle* and *Cathcart* wou'd beat

Them back again to *Spain*;

Or in the Deep would lay them low,

They ne'er should strike another Blow.

With a Fa, la, &c.

IV.

But if you keep us pent up thus,

Like Game-Cocks in a Bag,

We shall not get a single Sous,

Nor Honour to your Flag :

Make haste, or the *Galleons* are gone,

And all true Hearts will be undone !

With a Fa, la, &c.

c.

c.

c.